

A MASTERPIECE OF MADNESS: "OUT OF CHAOS!"

PSYCHO

40717

SEPT
1971

50¢

TM

A SKYWALK PUBLICATION

COMES
THE
STALKING
MONSTER!



THEY'RE BACK: **FRANKENSTEIN AND THE HEAP!**

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NINETEEN FORTY-ONE

PACIFIC

WASH.

The Japanese fleet appeared off the coast of Honolulu on Oct. 30, 1941. There they shot the U.S. fleet, and the U.S. fleet was sunk.



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FRANKENSTEIN

The FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER stalks once more in our great Book II series. A freak show provides the setting for this horrendous tale that will hold you spellbound. **Page 56**

THE HEAP

He's back again just as all your letters have requested. But how long can THE HEAP'S tormented mind live with his mangled body? In fact, how close is he to his own destruction? **Page 4**

COMES THE STALKING MONSTER

Take an unusual monster and surround him with unusual characters! Then have Ken Kelly do a cover on this... and won't! But see for yourself! **Page 33**

PSYCHO-SPECIAL

Exclusive photos and story boards of the great new fantasy film, ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES. You'll froth at the sketches made up by the geniuses behind this trilogy of films. **Page 40**

OUT OF CHAOS

The world is destroyed, and Senan must create a new one if he is to rule again. Read part I of this great two part adventure. **Page 14**

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Here's a tale of a strange father and son relationship to keep the flesh creeping over your bones! The Generation Gap really melts in this one! **Page 26**



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THE HEAP

I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I
CAN HOLD ON... MY MIND IS GOING!
I CAN FEEL STRANGE MOODS--STRANGE
DESIRES SURGING THROUGH MY BODY!
ONLY MONTY ELLIOT CAN HELP ME...
IF IT ISN'T ALREADY TOO LATE!



D-DO YOU THINK THESE T-TORN UP BODIES ARE REALLY ADOLF HITLER AND I-ILSE ROCH?

PROFESSOR ELLIOT--THERE'S A **HIDEOUS MONSTROUS THING** LOOSE OUT THERE THAT DID THIS. I WANT TO KNOW IF YOU CAN FIND ANY CLUES AS TO WHY THESE TWO CADAVERS WERE DISMEMBERED AND THAT ONE WASN'T?

GENTLEMEN--GENTLEMEN! PLEASE...THERE ARE **MANY** QUESTIONS...

...AND I'VE GOT A LONG HARD NIGHT AHEAD OF ME! THE SOONER YOU LEAVE THIS **MORGUE--THE CLOSER I'LL BE TO FINDING SOME ANSWERS!**

©NCE YOU WERE A MAN. NOW YOU ARE A STINKING, OZZING BLOB OF **MURKIN FLESH** WITH A FEVERED BRAIN! A BRAIN STRUGGLING TO MAINTAIN SANITY, FINDING IT MORE DIFFICULT WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT, TO REMEMBER WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE **HUMAN**. PART OF YOU IS DYING AND SOMETHING NEW IS BEING BORN. SOMETHING **HIDEOUS** AND **FRIGHTENING...**

NIGHT OF EVIL!

ALL RIGHT, PROF. ELLIOT—YOU WIN—WE'RE LEAVING! BUT BE CAREFUL GOING HOME, AND KEEP A BAW NEXT TO YOUR PILLOW WHEN YOU GO TO SLEEP, THAT ABAAP COULD SHOW UP ANYWHERE!

SURE!



THE FOOTSTEPS AND THEIR ECHOES DISAPPEAR DOWN THE HALL AND ALL IS QUIET SAVE THE BARELY AUDIBLE HUM OF THE ELECTRIC CLOCK ON THE WALL...



A GOLD SHIVER SUDDENLY RUNS DOWN THE BACK OF PROF. ELLIOT'S NECK! WITTRUDING ITSELF OVER THE HUMMING OF THE CLOCK, IS THE SOUND OF LABORED BREATHING...



THE PARALYZING CHILL OF FEAR SPREADS THROUGHOUT HIS BODY—YET MONTY ELLIOT IS COMPELLED TO TURN HIS HEAD...



AND QUICKLY, THE FEAR IN HIM TURNS TO HORROR...



URK...
URK...

GOOD LORD!
IT'S HERE!—IN THE MORTUARY!



STAY AWAY!
KEEP BACK--

BUT MONTY'S FEARS ARE UNFOUNDED, AND YOU MEAN TO TELL HIM SO...YOU GROPE FOR A PEN AT A NERVOUS TABLE.







FOR A WHILE, MORTY IS IN A STATE OF MENTAL CONFUSION... AND THEN PROF. ELLIOTT'S RESIGNMENT HAND BEGINS TO ACCEPT THE INCREDIBLE...

I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN HELP YOU, JIM... BUT I'M SURE AS HELL GONNA TRY! COME, MY FRIEND, WE'RE GOING HOME TO MY LAB!



FIRST THING I'M GOING TO DO IS TAKE A SAMPLE SCRAPING OF THE SKIN ON YOUR FOREARM...



AFTER I ANALYSE IT UNDER THE MICROSCOPE, I'LL BE SPENDING DAYS SEARCHING FOR AN ANTIDOTE!

THE SHERIFF WILL BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR YOU, JIM...

GO UP TO MY ROOM AND TRY TO KEEP OUT OF SIGHT!



MY PHOTO? STILL RIGHT WHERE THEY PUT IT AFTER I FINALLY GAVE IN TO LADDER'S PESTERING!

WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO BE ABLE TO TAKE A PHOTO LIKE THAT AGAIN!



THIS PICTURE WAS ONLY TAKEN TWO MONTHS AGO... YET, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S ME... I FEEL AS THOUGH I'M LOOKING AT A STRANGER...



RUDDENLY...

HEADLIGHT BEAMS: A CAR COMING UP THE DRIVEWAY...



SOMEBODY BRINGING LAURENCE HOME FROM A NIGHT OUT...!



GOT TO
GET OUT OF
HERE! DON'T
WANT HER
TO SEE
ME!

NOT LIKE
THIS! I'D
SCARE HER TO
DEATH!

CRASH!
THUMP

DAVID?

THAT
YOU--DAVID?

WINDOW'S
OPEN!

WHAT'S
THAT SLIMEY
STUFF ON THE
WINDOW
SILL?

DAVID--I HEARD
A NOISE IN
THE STUDY JUST
NOW AS I WAS
PASSING BY. I
LOOKED IN AND
THE WINDOW
WAS OPEN!

OH...I WAS
AIRING THE
ROOM, AND
MUST'VE FOR-
GOTTEN TO
CLOSE IT, LAURIE!
AS FOR THE
NOISE, IT WAS
PROBABLY JUST
THE WIND!

MADE
IT OUT
OF THERE
JUST IN
TIME...

COULDN'T
BEAR TO BRING
ANY PAIN TO
LAURIE!

...BUT THERE WAS SOME KIND OF GODEY, RUSHEY SUBSTANCE ON THE WIDOW GILL... AND...

OH THAT! I HAD SOME PINKIE CANTAREE WITH ME AT THE TIME...

I FORGOT TO CLEAN THEM UP!

YES, SHERIFF DONALDSON! I'M ALL RIGHT, REALLY? YOU SAY THE AUTOPSY ROOM IS A SWAMP? NO, I HAD NO IDEA! WHEN I LEFT EVERYTHING WAS IN ORDER! IF YOU NEED ME FOR ANYTHING, I'LL BE UP ALL NIGHT WORKING. DON'T HESITATE TO CALL!

WHEN I MANAGED TO GET OUT OF THAT ONE... NOW--

LOOK, LAURE DEAR--I'VE GOT A HEAVY NIGHT AHEAD! WE'LL TALK SOME MORE OVER BREAKFAST!

BUT DAD... OH--ALL RIGHT!

YOU HAVE WANDERED PAST THE WOODS IN YOUR RESTLESSNESS AND IMPATIENCE! YOU FIND YOURSELF DEEP IN THE SWAMP BEYOND IT, SOMEWHERE AHEAD, YOU HEAR VOICES, UGLY, BRUTAL SOUNDING VOICES!

WHEN ARE WE GONNA LEAVE THIS CREEPY-POOL? I DON'T CARE IF THEY'RE LOOKING FOR US! THIS SWAMP IS BEGGING TO GET TO ME! IT'S JUST THE KIND OF PLACE YOU'D EXPECT THAT HEAP WE SAW TO TURN UP IN!

YEAH... WELL, IT'S BETTER THAN THE DEATH HOUSE! WE WERE SLATED TO BURN-- REMEMBER?

REGGIE'S THAT SMUTGOW YOU'RE HOLDING WILL STOP ANYTHING AT CLOSE RANGE SHORT OF AN ELEPHANT! AND I DIDN'T SEE ANY TRUNK OR BIG EARS ON IT--DO YOU?

OHMMMM! THE ROPES ARE TOO TIGHT! YOU'RE HURTING ME!

SHUT UP! YOU'LL TAKE WHAT YOU GET!

YEAH, LADY! AND IF YOU REMAIN WE MIGHT EVEN LET YOU LIVE!



THAT SHERIFF GOT THERE JUST IN TIME TO SEE THAT HEAD TAKE OFF. THE WHOLE SCENE REALLY STIRRED HIM UP! HE NEVER SPOTTED US.

THEY SAW IT ALL! IF I BRING THEM BACK-- I'LL HAVE WITNESSES TO PROVE I'M INNOCENT. I WON'T HAVE TO HIDE AND MONTY CAN SPEND FULL TIME TRYING TO CURE ME!

WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT! OUR PRETTY LITTLE HOSTAGE HAS PASSED OUT! HAW! MAYBE I DID MAKE THE ROPES TOO TIGHT!

HOLD IT! THERE'S SOMETHING MOVING OUT THERE!



...AND IT'S COMING FOR US!

YARCHHHH

BAM!



A SPARK OF HUMANITY IN YOU STILL LIVES. YOU STOP AND FREE THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL...

YOU TRUDGE RELENTLESSLY ON AND FINALLY YOU COME UPON HIM, WHIMPERING WITH FEAR AND EXHAUSTION...

AND THEN YOU HEAR THEM...





WITH DRAMATIC AND UNEXPECTED SUDDENNESS YOU REALIZE...



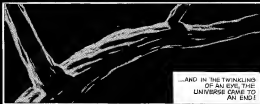
YOU SINK INTO OBLIVION BEFORE THE EYES OF YOUR PURSUERS, THE COLD WET SAND IS FLOODING YOUR MOUTH AND NOSTRILS. HAS YOUR TIME COME?



OUT OF CHAOS...²⁰⁰



1ST BEGIN...THE END...THE END OF THE BEGINNING, AND THE BEGINNING OF A NEW END...THE UNIVERSE STRAINED AT ITS VERY EXISTENCE...IT PULLED APART, RIPPED INTO A THOUSAND DIFFERENT SHREDS...



...AND IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE, THE UNIVERSE CAME TO AN END!

... A NEW BEGINNING

A GRAND EPIC OF ADVENTURE FANTASY
BY
MARV WOLFGAN
(WRITER)
RICH BUCKLER
(ARTIST)

AAARGH!!
DARKNESS
CLOSES IN,
TRAPPING US
ALL!

AND SOON
...TOO SOON,
EVEN HELL ITSELF
SHALL FALL
INTO SOME DARK
NOTHINGNESS AND
WITH IT COMES
DEATH FOR
ALL!

SOON ALL SHALL
DISAPPEAR INTO UNDO!
THE VAINTY OF YOU
HUMANS!

NOT CONTENT TO
DEFEAT YOURSELVES,
YOU HAVE TO CALL
DEMISEMENT ON THE
UNIVERSE ITSELF!

BEGONE
NOW,
WENCH!

YOU
SICKEN
ME!

I KNOW
WHAT MUST
BE DONE TO
PRESERVE MYSELF,
BUT THE TASK BE
SO ENORMOUS THAT
I SHUDDER TO
EVEN THINK
OF IT!

AM I EVEN
CAPABLE OF
SUCH POWERS
ONLY ORACLE
WOULD KNOW,
BUT WOULD HE
TELL ME?

AGAIN
I AM HERE,
ORACLE.

THOUGH THE
VERY SIGHT OF
YOU DISGUSTS
ME!

I AM HERE
TO GAZE UPON YOUR
FACE INTO MY
FUTURE! REVEAL
YOURSELF TO ME,
ORACLE! YOUR LORD
SATAN COMMANDS
IT!

SATAN SCREAMS, BUT NO ONE CAN LISTEN.
HE RAGES, BUT THE DARK CLOUDS OF HELL CAN
NOT GATHER. HE FLAMES, BUT HELL'S FIRE
BRINGS NO COMFORT.



NO! NO!
TURN ABOUT,
SILENT ONE! I
CAN BEAR YOUR
GAZE NO
LONGER!

YOU
LIE TO ME,
ORACLE!

WHAT
YOU SHOW ME
CAN NOT BE MY
FUTURE! IT
MUST NOT
BE!



YOU MOCK ME WITH
YOUR SILENCE! I KNOW
YOU, ORACLE! THAT
FUTURE IS FALSE! TELL
ME THAT IT IS FALSE,
ORACLE! OR FEEL
MY WRATH!



I CAN
TAKE YOU
NO LONGER,
ORACLE...
UNNNNN...

YOUR
CHAMBER
SHAKES!



THE
FLOOR BELOW
US ROCKS...
HELL QUAKE!
TIS A HELL
QUAKE!!



IT IS HIM!
REACHING OUT
FOR US...

HE WANTS
US BACK, SATAN...
WE ARE
DOOMED!

DAMN
HIM! HE
BLAMES US WHEN
IT WAS HIS
CREATURES THAT
DESTROYED HIS
UNIVERSE!



WAAHON...BAA!
PROTECT YOUR-
SELVES! HIS WRATH
WILL SHORTLY
CEASE.

AND HEAVEN'S
AGE WILL HARM
US NOT, BUT CURSE
HIM STILL, FOR IT
WAS NOT US WE
SHOULD BLAME.

AND SO HE
PUSHES AGAIN,
BUT EACH TIME
HIS ATTACKS ARE
STRONGER...AND
EVER SO SLOWLY,
HELL WILL BE EATEN
AWAY TILL THERE
IS NOTHING
LEFT.

AND THEN
WE SHALL ALL
SURELY WASH
INTO
BLACKNESS!

FOR, WITH-
OUT A UNIVERSE
TO BE FEARED
BY, WE ARE BUT
MOCK GODS!

SATAN, THIS TIME
IT WAS NOT HIS
DOING. BOTH HEAVEN
AND HELL FELT THE
FURY OF THIS UNKNOWN
FORCE!

BOTH
HEAVEN
AND HELL,
WOLCH!

BUT WHAT
EXISTS SAVE
THESE TWO
WORLDS? AND
WHAT COULD EVER
HAVE THE POWER
TO PLAGUE US
BOTH?

BEYOND THE CRIMSON VEIL
LIES THE ANSWER TO SATAN'S
QUEST. FOR THIS IS THE
SANCTUARY, COVERT OF THE
PROCREATORS, A RACE NEITHER
HEAVEN OR HELL ADMITS TO...

...FOR BOTH HAVE NEVER
KNOWN THE PROCREATORS,
NOT LIVING, NOT DEAD...NOT
GRAINED IN A MOTHER'S
WOMB...THE PROCREATORS...
A RACE UNTO THEMSELVES...

WE HAVE ARRIVED...THE
TIME IS EVER SOON.

WE STAND
BEFORE THE
THRESHOLD OF
INFINITY! WE GAZE AT
LAST UPON ETERNITY!
WE HOLD WITHIN
OUR GRASPS THE
UNIVERSE...OUR
UNIVERSE.

WE ARE THE
PROCREATORS OF
ETERNITY...!

WE ARE THE
PROCREATORS OF
ETERNITY!



NOW,
WITNESS OUR
CREATION!

IT GROWS...
THE LIFE-
WOMB...THE
EMBRYO!

AND WITH
IT IS NURTURED
THE UNIVERSE...
THE NEW UNIVERSE
WHICH SHALL BE
OURS ALONE!

EACH MOMENT
IT GROWS LARGER...
STRONGER! SOON
MY DISCIPLES...

...SOON IT
SHALL BREAK
FREE AND DESTROY
THE FINAL REMNANTS
OF THE OLD
UNIVERSE!

GONE
FOREVER
SHALL BE THE
CREATOR...

GONE FOREVER
SHALL BE HIS
LORD OF NIGHT-
MARES, SATAN...

GONE FOREVER
SHALL BE ALL
SAVE THAT WHICH
WE CREATE...

WE ARE THE
PRO CREATORS OF
ETERNITY!

AND DEEP WITHIN THE CRUMBLING
PURGATORY THAT IS ALL THAT IS
LEFT OF HELL...

MARCH ON,
DEMONS OF
SATAN...

MARCH ON
FOR GLORY! WE
SHALL TAKE THE
SUN, AND IT
SHALL BE
OURS!

PREPARE FOR
GLORIOUS BATTLE, FOR
THE CREATOR'S FORCES
SHALL NOT BE EASY
TO DEFEAT...

BUT DEFEAT
THEM WE SHALL
...FOR SATAN...
FOR HELL'S
MAJESTY!

MY MEN DO
ME HONOR! THEY
GO INTO BATTLE
FOR ME AGAINST
HYPERION...

THE
CREATOR'S
GUARDIAN OF
THE SUN!

BRING
YOUR GAZE
CLOSER, LET ME
SEE THE OUT-
COME TO THIS
MOST GLORIOUS
BATTLE!

SO ORACLE, YOU
COME TO SEE ME OFF
TO BATTLE! GOOD!
PERHAPS YOU NO
LONGER DESIRE TO
MOCK MY FUTURE?

MY
ONE RECOURSE
IS TO CREATE
MY OWN
UNIVERSE...

...OR ELSE
I SHALL SURELY
BE DESTROYED!
AND THE ONLY
WAY TO DO THIS
IS TO USE THE
CREATOR'S
POWER OVER
MATTER—ANTI-
MATTER...

...WHICH
HYPERION
PROUDLY
PROTECTS!

NO!

BACK!
YOU MOCK ME
STILL!

NO ONE
CAN DEFEAT
SATAN...NO ONE!
DID YOU HEAR
THAT?





ONWARD
DEMONS OF
HELL...ONWARD
FOR VICTORY!

VICTORY WILL
BE OURS IF WE
SURVIVE!

DEATH
IS THE ONLY
VERDICT
SHOULD WE
FAIL!

MORE POWER...
MORE POWER FOR
VICTORY!



THE
UNIVERSE!

FIGHT
ON... THE
SUN MUST
BE OURS!

THE SUN...
AND THEN...

AND ONCE
DEFEATED, THE
SECRET OF CREATING
UNIVERSES SHALL
BE MINE...

MINE!

YOU BEGIN TO
WEAKEN, HYPERION.
CAN IT BE THAT YOU
ARE LOSING STRENGTH
ALREADY?



CAN IT BE THAT
YOU SHALL FALL EVEN
FASTER THAN
I EXPECTED?

DO NOT MAKE
ME LAUGH. HE IS
UNWARE OF WHAT
HAPPENS HERE...

FOR HIS MIND
IS ON OTHER
INVASERS!

WHY DO YOU
THINK I ATTACKED
AT THIS TIME, FOOL?
YOU STAND ALONE,
HYPERION! AND NOW
YOU SHALL
PERISH!

WAY
DAMNED
ONE!

HYPERION
SHALL NOT
FALL!

HIS
COURAGE IS
MINE... HIS
POWER IS
MINE!

WE SHALL
NOT LET ME.
HIS STRENGTH
IS MINE!

YOU ARE
FINISHED, HYPERION!
IF THIS BE THE
Breed of warrior
THE CREATOR
COMMANDS...

WHAT THEN
CAN BE SAID
OF THE
MASTER?

PLEAD
TO ME,
HYPERION, AND
PERHAPS I
SHALL LET
YOU LIVE!

NO MATTER
WHAT YOU DO TO ME,
SATAN, NEVER LET
IT BE SAID THAT
HYPERION PLEADED
FOR HIS LIFE!

I SHALL
NEVER BEND
TO YOU,
SATAN!

THEN
DIE IN
SILENCE!

AND DEEP WITHIN THE SANCTUARY OF THE PROCREATORS...

PREPARE FOR BATTLE,
PRO-CREATORS! THE
FETUS UNIVERSE GROWS
EVER LARGER...AND
NEARS BIRTH!

AND ONCE
BORN...SATAN
AND THE CREATOR
SHALL BE
DESTROYED!

DESTROYED!!

VICTORY
IS OURS!
BEHIND
THAT DOOR
LIES SALVATION
...AND IT IS OURS
FOR THE
TAKING!

REJOICE
MY SOLDIERS. YOU
HAVE FOUGHT HARD
AND WELL FOR
THIS PRIZE!

AND IT
IS WORTH
EVERY LIFE
IT COST!

ALL I NEED
DO IS GRASP
THIS DOOR,
OPEN IT...

AND WE
HAVE GAINED
EVERYTHING!

YET, I
HESITATE, FOR THE
FACE OF ORACLE
BURNS IN MY
MEMORY!

FOR,
INSTEAD
OF A NEW
UNIVERSE.

WHAT IF I ONLY
REBUILD A DEEPER,
MORE AGONIZING HELL?

CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE...
TO CREATE A UNIVERSE!

original

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"those fabulous years"



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THIS IS **LAMONT'S**-- THE HOUSE OF **WAX**! WITHIN THESE SHELTERED WALLS, THE HISTORY OF HUMANITY STANDS AUTE AND ETERNAL; A SILENT MONUMENT TO MANKIND'S **GREATEST GLORIES** AND ITS **DIRTIEST DISGRACES**! DOWN THESE PARKLING CORRIDORS, ALL THAT HAD EVER BEEN, GOOD OR GOOF, IN OUR POUNDING **PRESENT** OR OUR DUST-DIM **PAST** CAN BE FOUND-- THE CORONATION OF A **KING**, SIDE BY SIDE WITH HIS INEVITABLE END, BENEATH THE HEADSMAN'S AXE-- FACES OF JOY, FACES OF SORROW, ALL MOLDED BY A **MASTER'S HAND**... THE HAND OF **ANDRE LAMONT**...



AND HIDDEN IN THE
SHELTERING
SHADOWS...

HAH, LISTEN TO THEM!
I AM NO ARTIST-- NO
GENIUS! I AM BUT A
FOOL-- IT IS GOD
WHO GUIDES MY
HAND!

YEAH--
SURE, HE
CAN BE HUMBLE!
AFTER ALL
HE'S GOT IT
MADE!

WHY SHOULD HE BACK IN ALL THE GLORY?
WHY SHOULD HE HAVE ALL THE PRAISE? JUST
BECAUSE HE'S MY FATHER? JUST BECAUSE
I OWE HIM MY LIFE?

MY LIFE! HAH--
THAT'S THE BIGGEST
JOKE OF ALL! DOOMED
TO SPEND THE REST
OF MY DAYS IN THIS
MISSHAPEN LUMP OF
A BODY-- LAME AND
LUDICROUS! THERE
ARE TIMES THAT I
WISH THE OLD FOOL
HAD LET ME DIE!

THIS BABY
REALLY
MOVES-- AND
I'M NOT EVEN
IN FOURTH
GEAR!

BEFORE WE CAN CONTINUE, WE MUST
FIRST TURN BACK-- BACK THREE LONG
YEARS TO A LONELY MOUNTAIN ROAD IN
THE DEAD OF NIGHT-- BACK TO A
REBELLIOUS, HEAD-STRONG YOUTH
PUSHING HIS SMALL SPORTS CAR FAR
BEYOND ITS NORMAL LIMITS...

BACK TO A HELL-BENT
JOY RIDE AND IT'S INEVITABLE
CONCLUSION...

NOOOO!

VARAHHOOOMM!

THEY UNTANGLED WHAT WAS LEFT OF LOUIS LAMONT FROM THE RUIN OF THE CAR AND TOOK HIM TO THE HOSPITAL, WHERE, SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

I'M SORRY MR. LAMONT-- WE'VE DONE ALL WE COULD FOR HIM!

WH-WHAT ARE HIS CHANCES, DOCTOR?

VIRTUALLY NONE. I'M AFRAID TOO MUCH OF HIS BODY WAS RUINED IN THE ACCIDENT! IT'S A MIRACLE HE'S LASTED THIS LONG!

SO ANDRE LAMONT BROUGHT HIS SON HOME-- TO AN EMPTY AND LONELY HOUSE THROUGHOUT THE ENDLESS EBONY HOURS OF DARKNESS, LAMONT SAT UNMOVING BESIDE HIS SON'S DEAD BODY UNTIL...

NO! YOU CAN'T DIE-- I WON'T LET YOU DIE! YOU'RE ALL I HAVE-- THE ONLY THING THAT MATTERS TO ME!

IN THE DAYS AND WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, LOUIS LAMONT KEPT HIS BODY WITH A DEDICATION BORN OF LOVE, LAMONT NEVER LEFT HIS SON'S SIDE-- HE FED AND WATCHED AND WORKED AND PRAYED-- AND LOUIS LAMONT KEPT ON BREATHING...

DEAR GOD PLEASE-- LET LOUIS LIVE! HE'S MY WORLD! EVERYTHING I'VE EVER DONE-- EVERYTHING I'VE EVER DONE-- IS FOR HIM! IF YOU TAKE HIM, YOU MIGHT AS WELL KILL ME, TOO-- FOR I'LL HAVE NO REASON TO GO ON LIVING!

C-CAN I TAKE HIM HOME, DOCTOR? I'D LIKE HIM TO SPEND WHAT LITTLE TIME HE HAS LEFT IN THE HOUSE WHERE HE GROW UP!

I'D ADVISE AGAINST IT! MEDICALLY SPEAKING, WE CAN PROVIDE FOR HIM FAR BETTER HERE! BUT, LEGALLY-- WELL, YOU ARE HIS FATHER! I SUPPOSE THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN STOP YOU!

NOT THAT IT MAKES ANY DIFFERENCE-- THE BOY WON'T LIVE OUT THE WEEK!

YOU'LL LIVE LOUIS-- IF I HAVE TO FORCE EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE-- IF I HAVE TO PUMP EVERY DROP OF BLOOD THAT FLOWS THRU YOUR VEINS! YOU'LL LIVE, MY SON-- I SWEAR IT!

UNTIL AT LAST...

I'VE DONE ALL I CAN! NOW IT'S IN YOUR HANDS!

SUDDENLY...



LOUIS!
YOU LIVE!
YOU LIVE!!
OH, THANK YOU,
LORD--
THANK YOU!

UUUNNNHHH!

LOUIS LAWONT LIVED-- IF IT COULD BE CALLED *LIVING!* HIS FATHER HAD DONE *ALL* HE COULD BUT IT HAD BEEN A *DISASTEROUS* ACCIDENT-- LOUIS HAD LOST THE USE OF ONE OF HIS LEGS AND THE *REST* OF HIS BODY *HADN'T* FARED MUCH *BETTER*...





SEVERAL MINUTES LATER-- WHEN ANDRE LAWONT IS ONCE AGAIN ALONE...





STOP! YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT YOU ARE
DOING!

DON'T I, OLD MAN-- YOU'D
BETTER BELIEVE THAT I
DO! I'M GOING TO BURN
THIS PLACE TO THE GROUND
WITH YOU INSIDE-- AND
THEN I'M TAKING YOUR
PLANS AND YOUR FORMULAS
TO AMERICA WHERE I'LL
BUILD THAT WAX MUSEUM!

LOUIS,
WAIT!!
YOU DON'T
KNOW...

GOODBYE,
OLD MAN,
YOU'LL HAVE
TO EXCUSE
ME-- MY
SPOTLIGHT
IS WAIT...

UUGGHH!

STUPID STATUES! I'LL JUMPHH--
WHAT'S THE MATTER? I CAN'T
LIFT MYSELF UP! WHAT'S WRONG
WITH ME?

HELP ME!
HELP ME!

OH, LOUIS-- LOUIS! IF ONLY
YOU HAD LISTENED TO ME!
I WAS TRYING TO PROTECT YOU--
YOU JUST DIDN'T KNOW! THAT
ACCIDENT-- THE DOCTORS
DID ALL THEY COULD-- BUT
TOO MUCH OF YOUR
BODY HAD BEEN
DESTROYED IN
THE CRASH...

I TOOK YOU HOME AND
DID THE ONLY THING I
COULD-- I REPLACED
YOUR VANISHED BONE
WITH SHANKS OF STEEL--
YOUR MISSING MUSCLES
WITH BANDS OF ELASTIC--
AND YOUR FLESH...

YOUR FLESH
I REPLACED WITH
THE THING I KNEW
BEST...

WAX, LOUIS-- YOU'RE MADE OF WAX... WAX... WAX...

SAME MOLDEN
TV



MANY ARE THOSE WHO ASSUME THAT THE MYSTERIOUS REALM OF THE OCCULT AND THE LOGICALLY ORDERED WORLD OF SCIENTIFIC ANALYSIS ARE NECESSARILY SEPARATE AND DISTINCT. BUT WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THE GAP BETWEEN THE TWO IS BRIDGED, WHEN SCIENCE SUCCESSFULLY PROBES THE REGIONS OF CHAOS? THE RESULT IS BOTH UNIQUE AND UNEXPECTED WHEN...



DR. ALEISTER KOHNER SHUT HIS BOOKS! GREAT OLD CRACKLING TOME'S HUNDREDS OF YEARS OLD, WRITTEN IN HEBREW AND PERSIAN, NOT MANY NUCLEAR PHYSICISTS KNEW THE ANCIENT FORMS OF THOSE TONGUES, BUT KOHNER HAD STUDIED THEM FOR TEN YEARS, SINCE HE WAS AN UNDERGRADUATE, FOR HE HAD ALWAYS PURSUED AN INTEREST IN THE SECRETS OF MAGIC!

BEFORE HE HAD EVEN TAKEN HIS DEGREE, HE HAD LEARNED TO SUMMON FORTH ELEMENTALS, SPIRITS OF EARTH, AIR, FIRE AND WATER, SIMPLE CREATURES OF LIMITED POTENTIAL, BUT SUFFICIENT TO BRING HIM ENOUGH INCOME THAT HE COULD PURSUE HIS STUDIES FULL TIME!



HE'S THE MASTER OF ALL KNOWLEDGE, ERICA! HE CAN TEACH ME EVERYTHING! MAYBE EVEN TEACH YOU SOMETHING FOR A CHANGE!



TEN YEARS! TEN YEARS! STUDY IT HAD TAKEN, BUT ON THIS NIGHT THE STARS AND FORCES WERE RIGHT! ON THIS NIGHT HE WOULD DRAW UPON HIS MAGICAL AND SCIENTIFIC LORE, FORCE BACK THE LAWS OF ORDER AND CHAOS, AND SUMMON THE DEMON ASMODEUS!



ALL WILL YOU CUT THAT OUT!

ERICA BEGAN SETTING THE PLATFORM-ALTAR FOR THE DEMON'S ARRIVAL, PLACING THE CONSECRATED GEMS UPON THE FIVE CARDINAL POINTS OF THE PENTAGRAM. KOHNER, WATCHED, EXPECTING HER TO MAKE MISTAKES, AFTER ALL, SHE DIDN'T HAVE A DEGREE, WHAT COULD SHE KNOW?

IF YOU WERE A LITTLE MORE INTELLIGENT, I MIGHT...

ALL! NEVER MIND, ERICA, TELL YOU TOO MUCH AS IT IS... PREPARE THE STAGE!



CERTAINLY NOT THAT THE DEMON NEEDED NO PENTAGRAM-LINES WITHIN WHICH TO MATERIALIZE. FIVE POINTS WERE BETTER, FOR THE LINES SHATTERED AND DEFLECTED THE FLOW OF FORCES THAT WOULD DRAW HIM ACROSS THE DIMENSIONS. WITH FIVE POINTS THE ENERGIES WERE FREER, EASIER TO CONTROL.



VERY GOOD, ERICA, NO MISTAKES. SHALL WE COMMENCE?

INCANTATIONS WERE UNNECESSARY; A SONIC FILTER OF "WHITE NOISE" TO KEEP OUTSIDE SOUNDS FROM INTERFERING WITH THE PATTERN WAS ENOUGH. KONNER LIT THE ARC-LAMP CANDLES...

NOW WE NEED ONLY WAIT...



MIDNIGHT DRAW CLOSER...



YOU HAVE CALLED ME FORTH FROM THE NEGATIVE ZONE, O DOKTOR!

WHAT IS IT YOU WISH OF ME THAT I MIGHT RETURN?

I WISH FOR ME THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE ANCIENTS AND.... KNOWLEDGE OF THE FUTURE. I WANT GREAT RICHES AND POWER!

THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL WANT. WHAT OF HER?

YOU MIGHT BESTOW SOME ADDITIONAL WISDOM UPON HER!

SHE IS WISE ENOUGH.

VERY WELL. I SHALL TEACH YOU.

BUT YOU MUST CALL ME FORTH MANY TIMES, FOR THERE IS MUCH TO LEARN. I SHALL GO TO GATHER MYSELF.

DISPLACE A POINT OF THE FIVE AND I WILL BE GONE... REPLACE IT AND I WILL RETURN!



IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, KOHNER LEARNED MUCH FROM ASMODEUS. HE CREATED 10 GRAMS OF THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE AND A CRYSTAL PHAL OF THE UNIVERSAL SCAVANT, ALKALIST. HE LEARNED THE PSYCHIC SCIENCES AND PRECOGNITION, LIGHTNING AND FIRE SPRANG FROM HIS VERY FINGERTIPS... HIS ARROGANCE BLOSSOMED.



THEN...



KOHNER HAD AGED! HE'D BECOME WEAKER... I CANNOT UNDERSTAND IT... DAILY I GROW MORE WEARY... NOW MY HAIR IS BLEACHING AND FALLING OUT!!



WHAT DO YOU DESIRE, O "DOCTOR"?
WOULD YOU LEARN THE ARTS
MEDICAL NOW?

PER... PERHAPS, ASMODEUS!
I AM BESET! EVERY DAY I
GROW WEAKER...WHAT IS
HAPPENING... WHAT IS
SAPPING ME OF MY
YOUTH, MY LIFE?

SEE...
DOCTOR KÖHNER,
YOU ARE DYING
BECAUSE YOU ARE
A FOOL!

DYING?
WHY?

ERICA HAS WORN
THE PENTAGRAM;
SHE IS EVER
PROTECTED, FOR YOU
SEE, FOOLISH DOCTOR,
AS I RUPTURE THE
LINES BETWEEN
ORDER AND CHAOS,
GREAT FORCES ARE
DISTURBED.

WERE I TO TEACH YOU AKBIS MEDICAL, YOU
WOULD ~~BE~~ BE THE ONE YOU COULD BE TREATED! NOW
YOUR SOUL IS THE SLAVE OF HELL!

WHAT...WHAT OF ERICA?

ASK ERICA! SHE IS NO FOOL!
THE ANSWER, REPOSES
ON HER BOSOM!

A PENTAGRAM?

YES, DOCTOR, YOU ARE
AN ATOMIC SCIENTIST—
YOU SHOULD RECOGNIZE
YOUR SYMPTOMS AS
THOSE OF RADIATION
EXPOSURE!

IN YOUR WORLD THE
PENTAGRAM LINES DEFLECT
THEM, BUT IF ACT, THE
FORCES ARE MANIFEST AS
GAMMA RAYS, COSMIC
RAYS, X-RAYS! DEADLY RAYS!
COMES THE STALKING
MONSTER DOCTOR! YOU
CALL IT RADIOACTIVITY!

OF ERICA? SHE HAS WISDOM ENOUGH TO MASTER MY
FORCES, DOCTOR, YOUR "SLAVE" IS MY MISTRESS! I OBEY
HER COMMANDS ONLY NOW! O MISTRESS ERICA, YOUR
FIRST COMMAND TO YOUR SLAVE?

DISPOSE OF THE BODY, ASMODEUS!

END



As you can see, we've expanded the letters page to two pages! The reason is obvious—all those welcome letters. Keep 'em comin'; we love to receive mail from our fans.

I just picked up PSYCHO #3 and it knocked me out! It really made me wild! The artwork was fantastic! All the stories were good but "The Heap" was outstanding. Whoever came up with the idea, keep him!

I understand that PSYCHO #2 was the introduction of the fabulous Heap. It's mag's like yours that really make it all worth while again. I read the letters in #3 and I agree that the Heap should have its own mag! Long Live the Heap!

Richie Mello,
Providence, R.I.

Wow! Richie, it's also fans like you that make it worthwhile to us. We are delighted that the Heap made such an impression with all of our fans. We've received much mail on him, and rather than answer each one, we think just printing a few of the letters will give you a general idea of the reaction the Heap is creating.

The Heap is the greatest! When I first picked up PSYCHO #3, I had no idea that this was going to be the best magazine I ever read! The Heap is great! Keep him in every issue, Frankenstein was great too!

Tim Isaacson,
Calk Park, Illinois

I have to agree with everyone who said the Heap is the greatest horror comic character of all time. Keep Andru and Esposito forever, their work is fantastic, to say the least. The cover for PSYCHO #3 by Boris Vallejo is the most sophisticated horror magazine cover I've ever seen. I believe you also have the most eye-catching lettering arrangements and color schemes of any magazine. Just keep using the Bone' cover art, the fabulous Heap, and the strangely beautiful cover story titles like "Love Witch!"

Gary Arbuckle,
Newmarket, Ont., Canada

Man, oh Man! What a book PSYCHO #3 was! The Heap made it so! You really picked the creepiest char-

acter there! I can hardly wait for issue #4 to appear. I think the Heap will open up a whole new world for horror magazines.

Donny Bucc,
Quebec, Canada

I think the Heap is great! Last month I saw an issue with him on the cover but never even looked inside it. Now I wish I had, especially after reading the Heap in the May PSYCHO.

Keep up the good work. I'm sure you will soon be the top horror comic magazine in the whole of the U.S.A. I will be reading PSYCHO as long as I live. And I can't wait to read chapter 2 of Frankenstein!

Bill Mackey,
Midland, Texas

PSYCHO is a great magazine! I didn't think much of the first issue, but when the Heap appeared in #2, I noticed vast improvements. I'd sure hate to miss an issue from now on because the Heap is so much better than anything the competition is now featuring.

Issue #3 was even better than the first two because of "Book II of Frankenstein" and another fab tale of the Heap! Two great characters in one magazine was a stroke of genius!

Lance Kern,
Atlanta, Ga.

"LONG LIVE THE HEAP!"



I am writing to you in response to PSYCHO #3. It was just great, I especially liked the cover done by Boris Vallejo. I would however like to see a cover done by Bill Everett because I have seen his pin-ups in NIGHTMARE and especially loved the story, The Man Who Stole Eternity, illustrated by him and written by Gardner Fox. Please try to keep him and Vallejo in your future issues. When is Boris Vallejo going to illustrate a full story?

Daniel Crosby
Long Beach, N.Y.

Glad that you're so enthused with the masterful Bill Everett. We think that he is tops too, and that's why we keep him going on the greatest series of pin-ups around. Bill is a little busy to do a cover right now, but Boris is working away and you'll be seeing him again sooner than you think.

I have just started to get your book, and I liked all the stories in it, especially the Heap. I think you print the best

horror books of all. But I have missed #1 and #2. Could I send money in to get them?

Mark Mintz
N.O. La.

NO PROBLEM AT ALL, MARK! If you'll just look at our back issues page you'll find the opportunity to get all our great back issues. And that goes for all of our other fans who have been writing in concerning getting #1 collector's issues.

WOW! I just grabbed PSYCHO #3, and it is GREAT! Who drew the scenes for FRANKENSTEIN? I ate it up. Love Witch tore me apart! (The rug sell has a few bloodstains on it.) THE HEAP was a real pile-up. But who would not agree? I guess by now you know I liked it, so I will stop typing.

John Cochran
Athens, Georgia

You shouldn't have stopped typing. When it comes to compliments like yours we've got all the patience in the world. Frankenstein seems to be causing such a flood of letters that we barely have room to walk around. As for Frankenstein, you can look forward to seeing him in PSYCHO for a long, long time.

I have just read your May issue of PSYCHO. It is, as far as I'm concerned, the best horror mag! In your Frankenstein story, new light was put on the subject. The rest of the stories were more than just interesting. Because of this, I would like to subscribe to PSYCHO.

Bill Hemmings,
Long Valley, N.J.

Being the best is what we're aiming for right now. We have only just begun however. Before we finish, nothing is going to come near us except our Horror Twin, NIGHTMARE.

When I saw PSYCHO #1 and #2 for sale, I didn't bother to look at them, thinking that they were old reprints. When PSYCHO #3 came out, and I saw the FRANKENSTEIN monster on the cover, and the caption "The Heap Meets the Horror Master" over the title logo, as soon as I dug up \$50 I bought it, and I'm not sorry! Your mag is great and has possibil-

In answer to your many requests for a special pin-up of the Horrific HEAP, we've asked none other than Bill Everett to do his rendition. You'll find it on the back cover of this issue—done in special effects.

deaf FRANKENSTEIN, the HEAP, and Man Who Stole Humanity, were the best stories, while Captain Outlaws, Gruesome Haircut, and Love Witch were just fair

Brett Baker
Granford, N.J.

Always glad to see someone come over to our side. We know that our magazine is going to make a lot of new fans for us. If someone can't like PSYCHO, well, we just feel sorry for him.

After reading PSYCHO #3, I felt I just had to write and congratulate you "Frankenstein, Book II," was the greatest carry on of the story yet! And Sean Todd's artwork (which greatly resembles Tom Sutton's) was absolutely mind-staggering! Ernie Colon's artwork on "Love Witch" was also top. The rest of the mag was really good too.

But I feel I should make a few suggestions, which I hope you will seriously consider. First of all, put "PSYCHO'S Gruesome Gallery" and "NIGHTMARE'S Pin-up," on the inside covers. No one in their right mind would ruin those covers by cutting out coupons. Next, we need a back-issues page. Last, but not least, try and get Frazetta and Jeff Jones to do some covers.

Well, I hope you can find room on your letters page for my letter, and best of luck with the new great ones.
Douglas Seymour
Charleston, S.C.

We think your idea about the pin-up couldn't be better. As you can see in this slam bang issue, the second and fourth covers have great pin-ups by the talented Larry Todd, and the Horror Master, Bill Everett.

Talking about Jeff Jones, our great Horror Twin, NIGHTMARE will run a cover of his on the next issue. WATCH FOR IT!



a special pin-up of the Horrific everyone's favorite pin-up artist, find it on the back cover of this issue—done in special effects.

Psycho #3 is just fabulous. I have to say you don't make idle promises, it's just as great as you said it would be. Boris Vallejo did a splendid job on the cover. I'm so glad to hear that Jeff Jones and Bernie Wrightson are going to work for you. Jones does some of the best covers I've ever seen. Now, on to the current issue. I can't decide which story I liked best, but if I had to make a choice I'd say, "Frankenstein Book II" truly a masterpiece by Sean Todd or isn't Todd really a pen-name? I liked very much Dan Adkins inking but I'd prefer if he did his own layouts. The other stories were pretty good with some of the best work I've seen for some time. Bill Everett's art brought me back to those wonderful days when he did "Doctor Strange" for Marvel comics. Sensational! Oh yes, before I forget, I enjoyed that little story by Chic Stone, a gem. Just one more thing, I'd like it very much if you could have a real vampire story with vampires that look human just like in the movies. I almost forgot, I really think you should put in a fan page and discover some new talent. I, myself, am becoming an artist and will soon be able to do work. Thanks for your attention, you really have great material there. Keep at it!

Richard Charron
Gatineau, Canada

Well, the vampires are in the works, as rich as a fan page. In fact, the fan page will be handled in an unusual manner, as you'll see. As for artists using pen-names, come do. Weren't Mark Twain and O'Henry pen-names?

It was the cover that caught my eye at the stands. From now on I am a buyer of Psycho and will watch for your style, it's wonderful. I hope you won't mind, but I collect cards from famous people, and would like to ask you if possible could I have a small sketch that you don't need for my collection.

Allice McLaughlin
Detroit, Michigan

Alice, we'd love to give sketches to all our fans. However, our artists have had so many requests that they'd be busy just doing drawings to send out, and we wouldn't be able to get the magazines finished on time. But we



are working on an idea of printing some of their sketches for you to cut out and frame it you'd like.

After reading your mag, I found that you have everything I wanted, except a person to narrate the stories. Most other horror books have one, but, you don't.

I've waited 3 ish's to write you because I wanted to find out if I was going to be a fan of yours, well, consider me one. You have very good writers and artists. Some of your artists' names I've seen for the first time, are they new in this field?

Steve Volkman
Goffstown, N.H.

We're always looking for new talent. That's why you'll always see new names added to our staff. Glad to see that you found waiting it out worthwhile.

I would like to know if you have any back issues of Psycho and Nightmare. I started reading them recently and they are excellent magazines. The copies I would like to purchase are Psycho #1 and Nightmare #1 and #2. Please include the price.

Darrell McKinney
Georgetown, Kentucky

You'll find a back issues page in this mag and all future ones. Just check the copies you want and we'll be more than happy to rush them on their way to you.

coming: PSYCHO'S PHOTOS OF FANS GALLERY!

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BEHIND THE PLANET OF THE APES

Introduction & photo captions
by Allan Asherman



Artist's sketch of the apes' jail for primitive humans.



This storyboard shows what the scene should look like when astronaut Taylor is on trial by the apes.

Just as comic-book stories need preliminary pencil sketches, and animated cartoons need storyboards, every scene in a motion-picture must be planned first with sketches. Here are some of the storyboard sketches drawn for 20th Century-Fox's classic 1968 film "Planet of the Apes."

In most cases the original sketches, done before production ever started, are almost identical to the finished product. Where differences are seen, it is because of changes made sometime between the storyboards and the final filming. For instance, the apes were originally planned as more animal-like in appearance. The final makeups were more human and expressive.



Statue of the ape Lawgiver; the original idea.



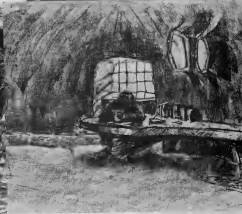
The surgery room, as it was first visualized in this charcoal sketch.



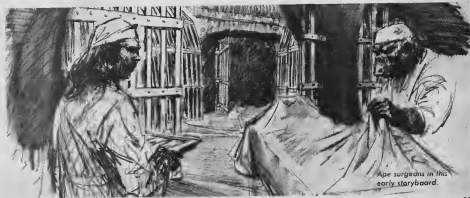
Makeup study of Cornelius showing actor Mark well as he really appears.



View of the jail and surgery area.



The office of Dr. Cornelius, friend of the earth astronaut.



Ape surgeons in this early storyboard.

BEHIND THE PLANET OF THE APES:



An early charcoal sketch of the city, somewhat different than it finally appeared.



Primitive humans run in panic from apes.

The "zoo-joil," as first imagined by the artists of Fox Studios.



Actor Maurice Evans, in and out of character, as Dr. Zaius.



Charcoal sketch of the apes' city, seen from a central location.



City of the apes, from outside the town.

Hope you enjoyed *Psycho's* special behind the scenes photos. We have many more unusual specials coming up. So, keep your eyes peeled on all our future issues.

YOUR CRUEL
REIGN OF TERROR
HAS ENDED,
BARON RICHFREW!
JUSTICE WILL
SOON BE MET!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, KANE!
AVE! HEED MY WORDS, BLAGART!
FOR JUSTICE WILL BE MET! AND
IT IS I WHO WILL EXACT THIS
JUSTICE FROM THE HIDES OF
YOU AND YOUR GOD-FEARING
FOLLOWERS!

THE STEEL GATE SLAMS SHUT AND THE
TINKLING LAUGHTER OF THE KEYS FADES
WITH THE RECEDING LIGHT!
YET THERE IS NO FEAR OR REMORSE ON THE
SILENT, WORTHLESSLY SMILING COUNTENANCE
OF THE INFAMOUS BARON! YOU SEE, HE HAS
INSURED HIS SAFETY WITH AN UNEXPECTEDLY
IRONIC MEANS OF...

ESCAPE

THERE ARE STILL
THOSE WHO CAN BE
HAD FOR GOLD AND
IT IS WITH THEM I
WILL ESCAPE! AND



THERE! IT WILL BE ONLY A MATTER OF
TIME BEFORE MY LACKEYS REACH
ME! GREED IS INDEED A MOTIVATOR!



BLOOD MUCKER
HAS HAD HIS
DAY BUT I'LL
SOON HAVE
MINE!

A METHODOICAL CHUNK, CHUNK, CHUNK,
REVEALS IN THE MUSTY DUNGEON
THRU THE NIGHT UNTIL...

CHUNK CHUNK CHUNK C

WUP! DIRT... THEY'RE NEARLY
THROUGH! HAH! *VENGEANCE*
WILL SOON BE *MINE*!

HURRY YOU
FOOLS. HURRY!
HA, HA, HA, HA!

WHAT JUSTICE!
THEY NEVER EVEN
SUSPECTED! HA,
HA, HA, CHORTLE!
JUSTICE!

SHOOK

HA, HA, HA!
MY REVENGE
WILL BE TRULY
SWEET
JUSTICE! MY
JUSTICE
WILL BE MET!

HA, HA, HA, AND
NOW... NO... GOD
NO... *URK!*

CHUNK

ME LORD?
ME LORD?

RUNNING-- FASTER AND FASTER-- GREAT
BEADING, PILING FROM YOUR FOREHEAD--
EYES BLURRING-- CAVERN WALLS
DISAPPEARING-- BLENDING TOGETHER--

GOTTA GIT
OUTTA HERE---



CAN'T LET
'EM GET ME--



THEY CHASE-- COME CLOSER-- SMELL
THEIR OOR-- A HODDID OVERPOWER-
ING SCENT-- LIKE SOMETHING DEAD
FOR A THOUSAND YEARS---

CHASING-- COWING EVER CLOSER--
EVER CLOSER-- ALMOST ON YOU--

TRIPPING...
FALLING---



AGGGHHH!

PLAGUE OF JEWELS

NO! NO!
KEEP AWAY
FROM ME!





GARY--
WAKE UP--
WAKE UP--
YOU'RE
DREAMING.



HEY--WHERE
YOU GOING?
THE PATH IS
THIS WAY.

HUH? OH YEAH---
SO IT IS. S'FUNNY---
I SEEM TO REMEMBER
WALKING THIS WAY
ONCE BEFORE---



I WAS THERE AGAIN---
BEING CHASED BY THOSE
THINGS--THOSE GOD-
FORSAKEN THINGS--IT WAS
HORRIBLE--
TERRIFYING.

FORGET IT, CHUM. JUST
THINK OF THE MONEY-- THAT
GLORIOUS MONEY! WHEN WE'RE
OUTTA THIS STINK-HOLE
AND BACK TO CIVILIZATION,
WE'LL BE
TWO VERY
RICH MEN.



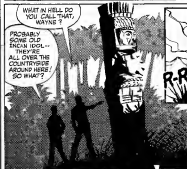
THANK ME FOR THAT,
WAYNE. IF THAT GAMB
HADN'T FALLEN FOR ME
WE WOULDN'T HAVE
HER JEWELS NOW!

SURE,
HANDSOME,
SURE. WELL,
IT'S ALMOST
DAWN ANY-
WAY. MIGHT
AS WELL GET
MOVING.



WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME,
WAYNE. C'MON, LET'S FOLLOW
THIS OLD TRAIL AND SEE
WHERE IT LEADS---

WELL, OF
ALL THE---



YOU OKAY,
WAYNE?

NO-- LEG'S BROKE!
CAN'T MOVE. YOU'LL
HAFTA CARRY ME.

WE'RE JUST
LUCKY TO
BE ALIVE--
LOOK AROUND
YOU.

YEAH, WE'RE LUCKY.
ALL RIGHT-- WE'RE SO
LUCKY WE'RE TRAPPED
ONLY GOD KNOWS WHERE
WILL WE EVER
FIND A WAY OUT?

LOOK, THERE'S A
LIGHT AHEAD--
MAYBE THAT'S THE
WAY OUT--

SHAKES!!

CAN'T REACH MY
GUN-- COILS IN THE
WAY-- ONLY CHANCE--
IF I CAN STEW IT--
CRUSH ITS HEAD--

WORKED-- I'M FREE
BUT WAYNE'S STILL IN
TROUBLE-- BUT NOT
FOR LONG--

BANG!

YOU OKAY?

SURE -- I'M READY TO
RUN THE MILE IN 9.9!
HEY, REALLY -- **GOOD
GOING** --- THOUGHT I
WAS A **GONER** THERE
FOR A SECOND.

LET'S GET MOVING. THE
SOONER WE GET OUTTA
HERE, THE **BETTER**
I'LL FEEL.

IT'S GETTING
LIGHTER --- I
THINK WE'RE
ALMOST---

FREDD BROWN ---
LOOK AT THAT! I **MUST**
BE DREAMING --- **TELL**
ME I'M DREAMING BROWN
--- TELL ME.

I DON'T BELIEVE IT ---
TREASURES FROM EVERY
CORNER OF THE WORLD ---
ALL GATHERED IN ONE
FANTASTIC CHAMBER ---



THEY'RE *REAL*--- ALL OF THEM,
REALER THAN *ANYTHING*, AND
WORTH *MORE* THAN *ALL* THE
MONEY IN THE WORLD. *YAA*
HAA!! WE'RE RICH-- RICH!
RICH!!!!

NOT *US*, BUDDY BOY---
ME! I'M TAKIN' IT
ALL. I'M *DISSOLVIN'*
THE PARTNERSHIP
AS OF RIGHT NOW.



YOU *MISSED*, WAYNE--- YOUR LEG MUST'VE
THROWN YOU OFF BALANCE. AND YOU'RE *NOT*
GETTING *ANOTHER* CHANCE TO TRY YOUR LUCK---

**BANG!
BANG!**



IT'S BEEN A NICE PARTNERSHIP,
WAYNE. SORRY TO SEE IT END.

ACCKKKK!!!



TO BE *HONEST* WITH YOU,
WAYNE-- I WAS GOING TO
KNOCK YOU OFF ANYWAY,
WITH THAT BROKEN LEG OF
YOURS, YOU WERE JUST
TOO MUCH DEAD
WEIGHT.

I'LL DIG A *GRAVE* AND
GET YOU OUTTA THE WAY--
THAT WAY I DON'T HAVE TO
LOOK AT YOU.



THERE YOU ARE, BUDDY---
A NICE CDEY GRAMS.
YOU'LL BE-- WHAT WAS
THAT NOISE?



DEAR GOD---
WHAT ARE
THEY--?



SEIZE HIM!
TAKE HIM TO
THE PRINCESS!



LET ME GO,
YOU MAGGOT-
EATEN
NIGHTMARE!
TURN LOOSE
OF ME!

DOWN ENDLESS WINDING
CORRIDORS OF SLIME-AGED
STONE, BROWN STRUGGLES
WITH HIS GRISLY CAPTORS.
THEN, ALL AT ONCE, HE FINDS
HIMSELF ALONE, SPRAWLED
UPON A COLD MARBLE FLOOR.
A SOFT VOICE BRINGS HIM
TO HIS KNEES ---



IT IS YOU, MY
LOVER--YOU HAVE
COME AT LAST, I,
PRINCESS RA-SHANN,
LAST OF THE GREAT
INCA NOBLES,
HAVE FOUND MY
MATE AT LAST!



--- MATE?



YOU'RE
CRAZY...
STARK
RAVING
CRAZY.

QUIET, YELLOW-
HAIR, AND LISTEN.
WE ARE THE **LAST**
OF OUR TRIBE-- THE
PROTECTORS OF OUR
FORTUNE--- WE
MUST REMAIN
HERE THROUGHOUT
**ETERNITY GUARD-
ING** THAT WHICH IS
MOST SACRED.

AND NOW THE TIME
HAS COME FOR ME
TO PICK A **MATE** TO
HELP GUARD THE
TREASURE BY
MY SIDE.



WHY DO YOU
WEAR THAT
MASK--? IT'S
DISGUSTING.



TO GAZE UPON THE FACE OF THE
PRINCESS MEANS **INSTANT
DEATH**--- SHE IS THE **MOST
BEAUTIFUL** OF ALL, TOO BEAU-
TIFUL FOR ANYONE BUT HER
MATE TO LOOK AT.

THE **LEGENDS** SAY
THAT I WILL MARRY ONE
WHO HAS HAIR LIKE THE
SUN--- AND THAT ONE WILL COME FROM
THE **SKY** ITSELF--- YOU ARE MY **MATE**---WE
ARE **DESTINED** TO BE ONE--- COME TO ME AND
SHARE THE WEALTH OF MY PEOPLE.



THEY'LL **KILL** ME
IF I DON'T GO
ALONG WITH THIS
INSANITY.

BESIDES, IF I DO, I
CAN JUST GET THE
JEWELS AND LEAVE
WHEN I CAN.

YEAH--
SURE--
I'LL
MARRY
YOU.

THEN LET THE
CEREMONY TAKE
PLACE--- TO THE
**CHAMBER OF
MARRIAGE**---



I **CAN'T** BELIEVE
ANY OF THIS--- IT'S
LIKE MY **NIGHTMARE**,
BUT ONLY MORE HORRIBLE
--MORE DISGUSTING--

BUT I GOTTA STICK
WITH IT IF I WANT THOSE
DAMN JEWELS---

COME TO
THE ALTAR, MY
CHILDREN.





NO WALKING ZOMBIES
ARE HOLDIN' ME. I'LL
JUST GRAB SOME OF
THESE GOODIES AND
SPLIT OUTTA HERE
BEFORE THOSE
TOTTERING PRANS
CATCH UP.



WAYNE'S
GRAVE? I'M
FALLING--!



WHY DID YOU RUN,
MY DARLING? WE ARE
AS ONE NOW-- FOR--
EVER! COME, KISS
YOUR LONGING WIFE--



NO! NO! STAY
AWAY FROM ME!
I CAN'T STAND THE
SIGHT OF YOU--!

NO? BUT WE
CAN FIX THAT, MY
DARLING--



WHY ARE YOU NOT SMILING, GARY BROWN? CAN'T
YOU SEE-- YOU HAVE ALL THE THINGS A MAN
COULD EVER WISH FOR?-- A PRINCESS FOR A
WIFE, A KINGDOM-- A WEALTH OF TREASURE--
CAN'T YOU SEE, GARY BROWN-- CAN'T YOU
SEE--?

End.

FRANKENSTEIN *in* FREAKS OF FEAR!

ENTOMBED IN AN AVALANCHE OF ROCK WHEN THE WALLS OF CASTLE FRANKENSTEIN WERE BLASTED DOWN UPON HIM, THE MONSTER BROODER FOR HOURS AFTER EGOR HAD LEFT HIM FOR DEAD. THEN, DIMLY AT FIRST, A GENTLY DISTURBING THOUGHT GREW IN URGENCY TO A DEMANDING **COMPULSION!** THE CREATURES' DARK AND TORTURED BEING GALVANIZED INTO **TITANIC ACTION!**

IIIEEEAAGGHH!!

THE GRAVE CAN NOT HOLD ME AND LIKE THE COLD FINGERS OF DEATH, THIS STONE PRISON SHATTERS AGAINST MY INDOMINABLE WILL!

I MUST BE FREE! FREE TO PURSUE MY DESTINY, TO PLAY OUT MY KNOTTED, TWISTED STRING OF LIFE TO THE UNIMAGINABLE END!

I AM DRIVEN TO UNEARTH MY PAST BEFORE FRANKENSTEIN BROUGHT MY DEAD BRAIN BACK TO LIFE IN THIS VILE BUT HIDEOUSLY POWERFUL BODY!

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE!

DENYING HIS CREATOR THE **SOLACE** OF DEATH, THE VERY BLESSING IRRETRIEVABLY **LOST** TO THE MONSTER BY DR. FRANKENSTEIN'S ORIGINAL OPERATION, THE VENGEFUL MONSTER STEALS HIS MASTER'S FROZEN CORPSE ACROSS HALF THE WORLD BACK TO CASTLE FRANKENSTEIN. WITH THE AID OF THE EVER FAITHFUL EGOR, A SECOND OPERATION IS PERFORMED. AGAIN THE HEAVENS' OWN LIGHTNING IS CALLED DOWN UPON THE SINISTER CHADEL OF HORROR, BUT THIS TIME THE **TREACHEROUS** GIFT OF IMMORTALITY IS RESTOWED UPON HENRY FRANKENSTEIN HIMSELF!! THE CASTLE IS BLASTED TO RUIN AND DR. FRANKENSTEIN ESCAPES TO FIND HIMSELF MISTAKEN FOR HIS OWN MONSTRIOUS CREATION AND HACKED TO PIECES BY THE MCB!

THE PATHETIC VICTIM OF A MADMAN'S LUST FOR FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE, THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER SEARCHES HIS CONFUSED AND TORMENTED MIND TRYING TO RECAPTURE THE ELUSIVE THOUGHT THAT TRIGGERED HIS EXPLOSIVE BREAK TO FREEDOM.



SOMETHING... I MUST DO... MUST CONCENTRATE... REMEMBER... BUT FIRST I MUST GO AWAY FROM THIS PLACE!



FOR, FOR JUST A SECOND... I NEARLY REMEMBERED WHO I WAS BEFORE THAT DAMNED FRANKENSTEIN DID THIS TO ME!

FRANKENSTEIN HAS, BY HIS TERRIBLE POLLY, DAMNED US BOTH! IT IS HE WHO IS THE MONSTER-- NOT I!

IF I AM TO TRAVEL ABROAD IT MUST NOT BE AS A MONSTER! THIS RAG WILL SERVE...

BUT WHO WAS IT WHERE LIES THE KEY TO THE PRIVATE THOUGHTS LOCKED WITHIN ME... THAT SCHEME OF MEMORIES THAT GIVES ME A HUMAN IDENTITY BEYOND THIS HORROR...



THIS IS MY QUEST-- TO FIND OUT WHO I WAS!

I ONCE HAD A LIFE-- A NORMAL LIFE, BUT AS WHO... AS WHAT?



DAYS OF HARD TRAVELING LATER...



THEY ARE MET WITH AN ACCIDENT... BUT WHAT IS THAT TO ME?

I COULD HELP THEM, BUT ONLY TO BE REWARDED BY THEIR CURSES! DAMN THEM-- BUT WAIT!



THESE ARE NOT LIKE OTHER MEN-- THEY ARE... NEARLY AS STRANGE AS I.

NATURE HAS PLAYED A CRUEL JEST UPON THEM ALSO! THEY ARE FREAKS!



YOU ARE NO **FREAK!**
WHY ARE YOU HERE?

MY NAME IS **LILITH!**
I AM THE **SEER**
WITHOUT **EYES!** I
AM **BLIND** TO TODAY...
BUT I CAN SEE THE
MANY **YESTERDAYS**
AND **TOMORROWS!**

LILITH IS OUR
BEAUTY... THERE IS
ALWAYS A **BEAUTY** TO
CONTRAST THE **BEASTS**
FREON SAYS IT IS **GOOD**
FOR **BUSINESS!**

YOU ALL **HATE** FREON, WHY DO YOU
STAY WITH HIM?

FREON FOUND US ALL. HE
HUNTS **FREAKS!** HE KEEPS
US FROM **STARVING** AND GIVES
SHELTER. HE MAKES US SIGN
A **PAPER**, A **BOND**... WE ARE
HIS **PROPERTY!** FREON GETS
RICH **EXHIBITING** US!

HOW ELSE
COULD THE
LIKES OF
US **LIVE?**

HE WILL
NEVER
DO THAT
TO ME!

NOT? YOU ARE
HERE ARE YOU
NOT? JUST
ANOTHER
FREAK ARE
YOU NOT?

SO THE DREADED
MONSTER FINDS A
REFUGE... FOR
THE **MOMENT!**

THE NEXT NIGHT...

RAAARRGGH!!
LIGHTNING! AIR!

IS IT THE **STORM** YOU
FEAR? LET ME CALM
YOU. MY POWERS CAN
BE **SOOTHING** TO A
TROUBLED MIND.

YOUR THOUGHTS ARE
NOT **ELUSIVE**... DARK,
VERY DARK. I SEE
YOUR **DEATH!**
CANNOT BE! I SEE
MEN **DIGGING**... AN
OPERATION... OH! WHAT
HAS **HAPPENED** TO YOU?

STOP!

GO BACK! GO BACK
BEYOND THE **GRAVE**...
TO WHEN I WALKED
THE **EARTH**... AS A
MAN!

I AM **CONFUSED**...
THERE IS A **VAST**
DARKNESS... WAIT! I
SEE **PARIS**... IT IS
A **HAPPY** TIME FOR
YOU... YOU ARE **NOT** AS
YOU ARE **NOW**...
YOU DO NOT
HATE... YOU
LOVE!

BUT WHO WERE
IF WHAT
MANNER OF
MAN?

THE **SCENE SHIFTS**...
IT IS **PARIS** AGAIN,
BUT THIS IS THE
FUTURE! YOU ARE
AS YOU ARE **NOW**
AND THERE IS
COLOSSAL HORROR!
AND **DEATH** TOO...
AND **ONCE AGAIN**
LOVE!



THE NEXT DAY, IN THE SHADOWS OF THE TOWERING CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME AMIDST A TEEMING CROWD OF PEASANTS AND NOBLES, THE SHOW BEGINS...











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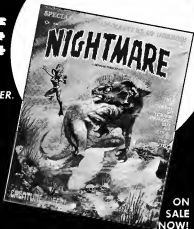
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